

# YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

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**YPSILANTI SENTINEL.**  
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**CHARLES WOODRUFF.**

**TERMS.**  
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variably be charged if payment is delayed three  
months from the time of subscribing.

For the Ypsilanti Sentinel.  
Dear Madeline:—I send you a slip picked up in  
the street. I half suspect it is meant for me. If  
you think so, you may make such use of it as you  
think proper, either by passing it in dignified silence,  
or, by showing your patron the triumph of taste  
over ill-natured persecution for righteousness sake.

**THE HAIR UPPER LIP.**  
As Della and Ellen and comrades passed by,  
I overheard them in converse (no loving and shy);  
The charms of the strains were the subject of praise,  
And each had her preference, and each had her hate.  
Miss Julia admired the measure Mr. P.  
And plump Mr. M. was the praise of Miss E.  
Young Candie-Hair's charms, Miss Laura let slip,  
Della deemed the man of the hair upper lip.  
"Pshaw," said Moll: "he looks like a Terrier pup,  
An African ape without brains, and a  
Cried, of taste more mature and refined,  
Della, "hold your peace, one and all, and learn to  
be kind.  
You may talk of plump forms: or dandies perfume'd;  
Of criticisms of taste, and tests, (all assume'd);  
I'm older, and wiser, and not wither yet slip.  
A chance to speak well of the hair upper lip.  
O the man of the hair upper lip!  
The sweet, black, pouting, hair upper lip.  
"Well, Della," said the girls, "since you're wiser  
and bolder,  
Have a right to dictate, and a right to be bolder;  
We yield to your taste and join in the echo  
That taught so abominable an odious mustache."  
The debate at an end, the case once decided,  
All join in the praise of the swain they'd decided.  
And away they all bound like a gazelle let slip,  
Singing praise of the man of the hair upper lip.  
O, the man of the hair upper lip,  
The sweet, black, pouting, hair upper lip.

"The young man whose ample locks so much re-  
semble a red cat on the rack.

From the New York Tribune.  
**AN AMERICAN LAMENT.**  
BY S. GREGORY.

"The nation deplores the loss of the brave officers  
and men who have gallantly fallen."—Pres. Mes.  
Weep, weep for the brave, for many a star  
Hath fallen and the rude thunders of war.  
O, dark was the hour and deadly the strife,  
That brought to the hero the sunset of life;  
But deeper the sorrow and darker the gloom,  
That rest on the hearth of the desolate home.  
The circle is broken, a loved one is gone,  
Far away hath he fallen in life's early dawn.  
O, many the hearts that bleed for the slain,  
And those that are scattered o'er mountain and plain.  
For the Angel of Death is warrior there:  
He fights for the foe on his fiery car;  
He rides on the blast o'er the land and the wave;  
He breathes on the victors, they sleep in the grave.  
The stay of the aged hath fallen from their arms,  
In sorrow they sigh, or live but to mourn.  
The embers burn dim, the chill wind is sweeping  
Round the widow's lone dwelling, the orphan is  
weeping.  
Long, long shall the "lone one, the loved and the true,  
Remember the parting, and the parting adieu."  
"Here, take this memento," he hastily said,  
"In the land of the foe I may sleep with the dead,  
Then cherish the shade of my lover that fell  
In the din of the battle. Farewell, farewell!"  
O, weep for the brave, for many a star  
Hath fallen and the wild tempest of war.

"A Duguetotype. An acquaintance states that  
while taking miniatures of the soldiers at one of the  
rendezvous, on the eve of their departure for Mex-  
ico, he found it impossible to supply the urgent de-  
mand, though improving every moment of daylight  
on week-days and Sabbaths, so anxious were they  
to leave these little remembrances with friends and  
cherished ones, fearing, it would seem, that they  
might never return; which and presentment with  
many, alas! has proved too true.

**SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.**  
Huzza! we ask no reason,  
But rush on the fight;  
We seek the voice of treason—  
We feel that we are right.  
At Monterey our brothers  
Wave our glorious banner high!  
Shall they alone—no others—  
Share the wreath of victory?  
Ah! gallant hearts are thronging  
To the banners of the free—  
Hearts that feel they're strong in  
Their Country's purity:  
Their vows are on our altars,  
Their bright swords in their hands—  
With devotion, not for falter  
They will charge those hostile hands—  
Bands driven by oppression  
To meet the brave and free,  
Who long since made confession  
They would hail our sovereignty!  
We know all a soldier's duty—  
We will fight them if they fight;  
Only yield to youth and beauty,  
For we risk that we are right. WAVE.

**RICHES.**—Two neighbors met—one was  
exceedingly rich, the other in moderate circum-  
stances. The latter began to congratulate the  
former on his great possessions, and the happi-  
ness he must enjoy, and ended by contrasting it  
with his own condition.

"My friend," said the rich man, "will you  
allow me to ask one question?"  
"Certainly, sir."  
"Would you be willing to take my property  
and take the whole care of it for your boarding  
and clothing?"  
"No, indeed."  
"Well that's all I get."  
This anecdote reminds us of one nearly sim-  
ilar that occurred but a few years ago on our  
certain knowledge. The late Jacob Ridgeway was  
working about a building that was being erect-  
ed for him, when he was accosted by a journey-  
man bricklayer, who mistook Mr. R. for the  
master workman, with:  
"Are you building this house?"  
"Yes."  
"What do you get for it?"  
"My victuals and clothes," answered Mr. R.  
"Would you do it for that?"  
"No, I'm d—d if I would," indignantly  
replied the poor man.

**HOUSE TO LET.**—This tenement to let  
inquire next door. The place was in wretched  
condition, but banister required the rent &c.  
These particulars gained, he asked:  
"Do you let any thing with it?"  
"No," was the reply, "why do you ask that?"  
"Because, if you let it alone it will tumble  
down."

Women generally consider consequences in  
love, seldom in resentment.

From Scott's Weekly Paper.  
**WYOMING.**  
BY J. CHAMBERS.

The warm sunshine was streaming with a  
golden hue over the quiet hills and dingles of  
Wyoming.  
Above—the arching sky was soft and bright,  
with light feathery clouds sailing over its  
bosom of gleaming blue, like scurrying of silken  
gauze.  
Below—the scene was a broad green—smil-  
ing streams, rich forest laws, and lordly woods  
that oft rung with the crash of the pioneers axe  
and the keen crack of the hunter's rifle. The  
old farm house stood stern and still on the sum-  
mit of the knoll, and away from the door, swept  
emerald fields and rustic orchards, while far  
down in the sunny dell, nestled the settler's  
lonely cabin.

It was a landscape of pastoral loveliness.  
The beams of the setting sun were melting  
around like some airy cloud, and the grassy hill  
and gloomy gorge seemed steeped in a sea of  
liquid gold.  
On a wide glade, overlooking the beautiful  
valley of Wyoming, where all was silent and  
holys as a Sabbath morn, with his regal form in  
his velvet, stood tall Indian.  
His limbs were sinewy and agile, his brow  
was high and noble, and his eye brilliant as the  
culture's. The plume of a bald-eagle hung  
from his mark of dark hair, above his tawny  
cheek; a belt of wampum, with a tomahawk and  
scalping knife were at his waist; moccasins of  
beaded doeskin were on his feet and a glitter-  
ing blanket enveloped his proud superb figure.

"Wo to the white man now!" he cried, in  
fierce tones, as he swung his blade towards  
Wyoming, "wo to his squaw and child! Wan-  
pee's torch is at the door of his lodge! Wan-  
pee's steel is wanted for his blood! his eye  
is shut from another sun. One blow from the  
Indian's knife will hurl him from his hunting  
ground, then all this soil again is ours!"

A step on the plant turf here broke on his  
soliloquy, and a horseman came riding toward  
him. He was a person of medium size and her-  
culean mould and was armed to the teeth.  
He sat lightly on his steed, and glanced about  
with a restless scowling eye. There was in his  
meat the craft of a wild and lawless character,  
yet his uneasy eye told a secret fear and mis-  
trust of everything.

"Ho! you here Wanpee!" he cried to the  
Indian, as he saw him, "is all well thus far—  
Do you join in safety at midnight?"  
"The panther lies secure, as he thinks in his  
lair," was the reply of the other, "but the eye  
of the wolf is open, and his ear on the alert."  
The red man lifts his tomahawk to strike, and  
he is impatient for the hour!

"Then all is ours! The die is cast—success  
is in our favor, and ere the morn, you pretty  
scene will be smoking with the ashes of the  
rebel's cabins, and reeking with the rebel's  
blood!"—he said.

"Wanpee must away now to his wigwam,"  
said the chief after a silence, "but at the  
moment, his warriors shall cluster to the spot  
with the warwhoop, and the steel for the long  
knives! All but thy pale maiden must perish  
—thou hast the oath of Wanpee for her security  
and it is true; he goes."

"Ho! a!" muttered the horseman, with a  
low laugh, as the Indian strode away from  
the glade, with the majesty of a forest-king: "all  
goes well!—the boy is off in the rebel camp,  
and the girl is left alone to me. Now for my  
revenge! I shall spare my love, but not  
she shall lead on her knees for me to make her  
wed!"

He sprang from the eminence as he spoke,  
and shaking his tight hand at the peaceful girl  
he plunged down a by-path, and rode toward  
the town at an easy pace. The sun had sunk  
below the blue hill tops on the west, that yet  
bore a bright gold tint, and night was poisoning  
her ebon wing above the lovely scene. The  
horseman kept his path on the skirt of the vil-  
lage, and passing the massive black house with  
palm on the butt of the pistol in his girdle, he  
up to a large cottage that was near a lit-  
tle cabin standing somewhat retired from the  
settlement. He reached his steed, and then  
was going toward the cottage when there came  
behind him the notes of a gray song, and with a  
soft step light as the fawn's, a young girl was  
springing past him but catching her by the wrist  
he drew her back with force. She struggled  
faintly in his grasp like a wounded bird; but he  
held her secure, and pressed his broad hand  
over her mouth to prevent her cries from being  
heard by the inmates of the hut. Her loose  
hood fell from her head, and a glossy stream  
of ringlets hung over her neck. She was a  
slight, but a lovely girl, with eyes of a  
rich dark blue, hid in a veil of silky lashes  
velvet cheeks melted as the brown peach, and a  
dimpled snow white brow. The rider gazed  
at her futile efforts for escape without a word,  
for a while, and then cried,  
"Ho! I well met, my lady-bird, well met my  
sweet! Nay, fear not; I mean thee no wrong,  
so keep thy peace. I do but hold thee that  
thou mayst hear me, for hear me thou shalt,  
whether thou wishest or not. You have been  
turned from my presence, ere this, with the  
glaring look of a reptile, but henceforth you  
shall court it!"

"Dettain me not, Matthew Walford, or you  
shall repent it," replied the maiden with a glance  
of contempt. "I fear your vile threats no more  
and if you go not hence soon, force shall remove  
your unbecoming presence from me."  
"So you still will repulse me, girl," cried  
Walford flinging her from him, "mark me! I will  
wish ere morning that these words were  
recalled," and turning to horse, he struck away  
through the trees, while she ran breathless with  
terror to the door of her father's cabin.

Jessie Frazier was the daughter of a staunch  
old backwoodsman who had been among the  
first settlers of Wyoming. She was affianced  
to a gallant young yeoman, but he was now far  
away in the camp of Washington, contesting  
with the numerous other heroes for the freedom  
of his loved soil. Among those who had been  
winners for Jessie's hand, was Matthew Walford,  
but he had a vile reputation, who repulsed  
with scorn, all his offers of love. His passion  
for her had not, in reality, been a true  
and true love, but rather a wish to have in his  
power that he might glory over the extreme  
chagrin of his successful rival, toward whom  
he cultivated feelings of the most bitter rancor.  
When the war broke out Matthew Walford  
proved himself no true American in sentiments,  
but rather a secret abettor of the royal cause,  
thus drawing on himself the deepest detesta-  
tion of the villagers, and when the border  
warfare began, he made one of the many  
pillaging bands of Tories and savages, who so  
severely harassed the feebly defended portions of  
the western frontier, and now he was a cum-  
brance of the renegade Brandt. Jessie had heard

this by report, and deeming it true, and some  
fendish design of Walford toward her, she en-  
deavored to remain as retired as possible, and  
she was but a short distance from her home on  
the evening that the refugee had so rudely  
assailed and threatened her with some early  
evil.

There was no moon in the starlit space a-  
bove and Wyoming lay below buried in dark-  
ness.

But the yell of a hundred braves and tories  
came swelling along through the forest  
glades, and the flitting gleams from scores  
of torches flung their broad scarlet beams across  
the green sword.

Higher and wilder rose again the howls, and  
a thousand red flashes from the keen lights now  
came bursting over the quiet lawn, sending their  
pillars of black smoke high amid the twilight  
foliage, and darting him streaks of blood-hued  
flame upward. The rich dark grass—while bound-  
ing out on the smooth area, amid the hoarse  
yell with brandishing tomahawks, rifle, and  
knife glistering in the air, came the athletic  
forms of the shouting Indians with Wapsee at  
their head, and commingling with a thick troop  
of the renegade.

Their arms waved now in defiance at the vil-  
lage, then yelling out their shrill war whoop  
that sent the warm blood of the settlers cur-  
dling back to his heart, they leaped off towards  
Wyoming.

For a while the gloom of death seemed brood-  
ing over the landscape, then out burst once  
more the thunder-like shout; then every hun-  
dred of the backwoodsman, who fought to the last  
as if his foe was at his side, hundred flames  
went glittering up from the log walls, and an  
agonizing scream pealed trembling away to the  
throne of God.

The struggle was quick and terrific.  
The warriors reached the loopholes of their  
cabins to see an ocean of fire whirling and  
roaring about them—the door fell beneath  
the Indian's axe, and they jumped to the  
stairway to receive the hot lead in their brain!

The outlaws recoiled awhile from step to  
step, under a galling discharge from the riden  
of the backwoodsman, who fought to the last  
for their ground; then mad and terrible as blood  
hounds, they made at the throats of the settlers,  
and a rolling, tied together in each other's arms,  
they tore off their limbs with steel thrusting  
against steel.

The resistance of the whites, however, was  
soon over—they engaged with the dastard  
assassins like lions, but their iron spirits gave be-  
fore the number of the renegades. A few ob-  
stained safety in flight, but the better part were  
massacred in cold blood.

Old Frazier, beside timid child, stood against  
the onslaught of his log hut, his blackened gun  
in his hand, and his gray locks glistened  
with a chill sweat to his brow, as he heard the  
shrieks of his murdered friends. Suddenly he  
staggered up to the door, put the broad beam  
across the open panel, and with the muzzle of  
his rifle at the lattice, he remained there await-  
ing the assault. But he was un molested, for  
Wapsee kept his promise to Walford, and the  
mounds around began soon to grow indistinct,  
but the ruddy flames of the fired cabins threw  
a deeper glow to the sky, and the hot sparks  
came with a sharp snap to his very face. The  
fire was now spreading along to his roof, and  
girdling his walls with a seething furnace.  
Thinking that he would not survive, for  
his cry was retreating in the distance—the  
drew back the bolts of the door, and lifting the  
bar from its support, he was about to escape  
from the horrid scene. He opened the portal,  
his steps was on the threshold, his left hand  
drew Jessie after him, while his right was on the  
lock of his weapon, when there came a blow on  
his burly bosom, and he reeled back to the cen-  
tre of the floor, as in jumped the hated Matthew  
Walford.

"Ho! thou'rt mine now, fair Jessie! Told I  
not this? Resist me not now!"

For the first time a sentence came from his  
lips that was not a curse or a threat, and  
as he grasped at the waist of Jessie, a  
bold form in blue attire was at his side, and  
dashing the butt of his sabre in the face of the  
foe, he bade him draw and stand on his de-  
fence. A long knife shone from his belt then  
both combatants closed, and fell on the floor.  
There was one tremendous tug, then the steel  
struck thrice in the heart of her intended  
ravisher with such a hard stroke that the blade  
went through to the ground.

The victor stood up again, and receiving in  
his embrace the fainting girl, told her his term  
of service in the army had expired a few days  
before, just in time for him to speed to Jessie's  
rescue.

They both knelt and as the backwoodsman  
placed his palm on their clear young brows,  
there rung from without, a mingled groan and  
shriek, sounding loud, as their bridal song, and  
chanting the requiem of the dying hearts of  
Wyoming.

**THE LAST WORDS OF GEN. HAMER ON SLAVERY.**  
—A Columbus correspondent thus writes:  
"I cannot resist the temptation to notice here  
a fact, mentioned by Mr. Spaulding in his  
eulogy of General Hamer, in respect to the latter  
which adds a new laurel to his fame, and sacri-  
fices the tears which Ohio still pours upon his  
tomb. When General Taylor had resolved to  
march on Monterey, he determined to take with  
him the regulars and the Southern volunteers.  
In a council of war held previous to commencing  
the advance, General Hamer rose, and it is said  
in a manner firm and dignified, demanded that  
the volunteers of the North should have the  
privilege of following the General into the ter-  
ritory before them. "I demand it," said Hamer  
"as a right to the soldiers of the free States."  
If there is a territory to be subjected, we must  
be there to share in the conquest if there are  
new laws to be made, we must be allowed a  
voice in their formation." This demonstration  
was received with undisguised indignation by  
one of the chivalry, but Taylor was discreet,  
his plans were revised, and Hamer went to  
Monterey, and died there.

**YANKEE DOODLE'S MUSICAL DICTION-  
ARY.**

**GRACE.**—A note introduced before another  
by way of ornament. A grace before a note  
like grace before meat had better be omitted  
unless well done and of the proper length.

**GUITAR.**—An instrument usually found at-  
tached by a blue ribbon to a green youth.

**HORN.**—An instrument which we advise no  
amateur to undertake to learn, unless he would  
both "make a spoon and spoil a horn."

**INTER-OX.**—This word is used in music to mean  
the repetition of the same idea by different parties  
of the orchestra. Hence when Donizetti repeats  
the ideas of Rossini or Bellini, this is not imita-  
tion but plagiarism.

**Christmas and New Years in  
Germany.**  
[From Views A-Foot; or Europe seen with  
Knapsack and Staff. By J. Bayard Taylor,  
with a preface by N. P. Willis, recently  
published by Wiley & Putnam.]

We have lately witnessed the most beautiful  
and interesting of all German festivals—Christ-  
mas. This is a holiday celebrated—A-  
bout the commencement of December, the Christ-  
mas market, was opened in the Rummel-  
platz, and has continued to the present time. The  
booths, decorated with green boughs, were filled  
with toys of various kinds, among which dur-  
ing the first days the figure of St. Nicholas  
was conspicuous. There were bunches of wax  
candles to illuminate the Christmas tree, a  
gingerbread with printed mottoes in poetry, beau-  
tiful little earthen-ware, basket-work, and a  
wilderness of playthings. The 5th of Decem-  
ber, being Nicholas evening, the booths were  
lighted up, and the square was filled with boys  
running from one stand to another, all shouting  
and talking together in the most joyous con-  
fession. The boys were going around, carrying the  
small children in their arms, and parents  
brought presents, decorated with sprigs of pine  
and carried them away. Some of the shops had  
beautiful toys, as for instance, a whole grocery  
store in miniature, with barrels, boxes and  
drawers, all filled with sweet-meats, a kitchen  
with a stove and all suitable utensils, which  
could really be used, and sets of dishes of the  
most diminutive patterns. All was a scene of  
activity and joyous feeling.

Many of the tables had bunches of rods with  
piled bands, which were to be used that eve-  
ning by persons who represented St. Nicholas.  
In the family with whom we reside, one of our  
German friends dressed himself very comical-  
ly, with a mask, for robe and long tapering cap.  
He came in with a bunch of rods and a sack,  
and broom for a sceptre. After we all had re-  
ceived our share of the beating, he threw the  
contents of his bag on the table, and while we  
were scrambling for nuts and apples, gave us  
many smart raps over the fingers. In many  
families the children are made to say "Thank  
you, Herr Nicholas," and the rods are hung up  
in the room till Christmas, to keep them in good  
behavior. This was only a fore-runner of the  
Christ-kinder's coming. The Nicholas is the  
punishing spirit, the Christ-kinder the rewar-  
ding one.

When this time was over, we all began pre-  
paring secretly our presents for Christmas.  
Every day there were consultations about the  
things which should be obtained. It was so  
arranged that all should interchange presents,  
but nobody must know beforehand what  
he would receive. What pleasure there was  
in all these secret purchases and prepara-  
tions! Scarcely any thing was thought or  
spoken of but Christmas, and every day the  
consultations became more numerous and secret.  
The trees were bought some time before-hand,  
but as we were to witness the festival for the  
first time, we were not allowed to see them  
prepared, in order that the effect might be as  
great as possible. The market in the Rummel-  
platz square grew constantly larger and more  
brilliant. Every night it was lit up with lamps  
and thronged with people. Quite a forest sprang  
up in the street before our door. The old stone  
opposite, with the traces of so many centuries  
on its dark face, seemed to stand in the midst  
of a garden. It was a pleasure to go out every  
evening and see the children rushing to and  
fro, shouting and seeking out toys from the  
booths, and talking all the time of the Christ-  
mas that was so near. The poor people went  
with their little presents hid under their  
cloaks, lest their children might see them; every  
heart was glad, every countenance wore a  
smile of secret pleasure.

Finally the day before Christmas arrived—  
The streets were so full I could scarce make  
my way through, and the sale of trees went  
more rapidly than ever. These were common-  
ly branches of pine or fir, set upright, in a little  
miniature garden of moss. When the lamps  
were lighted at night, the streets had the ap-  
pearance of an illuminated garden. We were  
prohibited from entering the rooms up stairs, on  
which the grand ceremony was to take place,  
being obliged to take out seats in these arrange-  
ments for the guests, and wait with impatience  
the hour when Christ-kinder should call. Several  
relations of the family came, and what more  
agreeable, they brought with them five or six  
children. I was anxious to see how they would  
view the ceremony. Finally, in the middle of  
an interesting conversation, we heard the bell  
ringing up stairs. We all started up, and made  
for the door. I ran up the steps with the chil-  
dren at my heels, and at the top met a blaze of  
light coming from the open door, that dazzled  
me. In each room stood a great table, on  
which the presents were arranged, amid flow-  
ers and wreaths. From the centre, rose the  
beautiful Christmas tree, covered with wax ta-  
pers to the very top, which made it nearly as  
light as day, while every bough was hung with  
sweetmeats and with gilded nuts. The chil-  
dren ran shouting around the table, handing  
their presents, while the older persons had their  
pointed out to them. I had quite a little lib-  
rary of German authors as my share; and many  
of the others received quite valuable gifts.

But how beautiful was the heart-let joy that  
shone on every countenance! As each one dis-  
covered he embraced the givers, and all was a  
scene of the purest feeling. It is a glorious  
thing, this Christmas eve. What a chorus  
of happy hearts went up on that evening to  
heaven! Full of poetry and feeling, and glad  
associations, it is here anticipated with joy, and  
leaves a pleasant memory behind it. We may  
laugh at such simple festivals at home, and  
with the feeling of youth, prefer to shake our-  
selves loose from every shackles that binds the  
rust of the past, but we could certainly be hap-  
pier if some of these beautiful old customs were  
better honored. They renew the bond of feel-  
ing between families and friends, and strength-  
en their kindly sympathy; even life-long friends  
require occasions of this kind to freshen the  
recollection that binds them together.

New Year's Eve is also favored with a pecu-  
liar celebration in Germany. Every body re-  
mains up and makes himself merry till midnight.  
The Christmas trees are again lighted, and  
while the tapers are burning down the family  
play for articles which they have purchased and  
hung on the boughs. It is so arranged that  
each one shall win as much as he gives, with  
change of articles makes much amusement.  
One of the ladies noticed in the possession of a  
red silk handkerchief and a cake of soap, while  
a cup and saucer and a pair of scissors fell to  
my lot. As midnight drew near, it was louder  
in the streets, and companies of people, some  
of them singing in chorus, passed by on their  
way to the Zeil. Finally three-quarters struck,  
the windows were opened and every one wait-  
ed anxiously for the clock to strike. At the

first sound, such a cry arose as one may imag-  
ine, when thirty or forty thousand persons all  
set their lungs going at once. Every body in the  
house, in the street, over the whole city, shout-  
ed, "Prosit New Year!" In families, all the  
members embrace each other, with wishes of  
happiness for the new year. Then the win-  
dows are thrown open, and they cry to their  
neighbors or those passing by.  
After we had exchanged congratulations,  
Dennett, B.—and I set out for the Zeil—  
The streets were full of people, shouting to one  
another, and to those standing at the open win-  
dows. We failed not to cry, "Prosit New Year!"  
wherever we saw a damsel at the window, and  
the words came back to us more musically than  
we sent them. Along the Zeil the spectacle  
was most singular. The great wide street  
was filled with companies of men, marching  
up and down, while from the mass ran up one  
defeating, unending shout, that seemed to pierce  
the black sky above. The whole scene looked  
stranger and wilder from the flickering light of  
the swinging lamps, and I could not help think-  
ing it must resemble a night in Paris during  
the French Revolution. We joined the crowd  
and used our lungs as well as any of them. For  
some time after we returned home, companies  
passed by, singing "with us 'tis ever so!" but  
at three o'clock all was again silent.—Cal-  
endar.

**Interesting from the Army.**  
The big Georgians arrived at New Orleans  
on the 23d ultimo, bringing accounts from Tam-  
pico to the 14th.

The correspondent of the New Orleans Del-  
ta writes from Victoria, under date of the 6th  
of January, as follows:  
"I think you may safely set it down that the  
next movement of this wing of the Army will  
be to Tampico, and from thence to Vera Cruz.  
We are advised here that Gen. Scott is at, or  
on the way to Tampico, and thither an expres-  
sion will be sent to him to-morrow morning. We  
look for despatches from him in a day or two,  
and the chances are altogether in favor of their  
containing an order for us to proceed immedi-  
ately to Tampico.

"The Mexican cavalry, that were reported to  
be within twelve leagues of this place on the  
day of our arrival, (1st division,) are said to  
have fallen back in the direction of Tula, if not to  
that place, where there are several regiments  
of infantry. Tula is upwards of 100 miles  
from this place, and the road to it leading over  
a country altogether unfit for artillery; and  
should we send our infantry force to dislodge  
them, it would be labor thrown away, for they  
would fall back faster than we could advance;  
so I think they will remain unnoticed. I was  
in the office of Maj. McKee to-day, when all  
the regiments handed in their list of horses and  
mules entitled to forage from the Government,  
and the total summed up 3,528. To feed these  
it will take near nine hundred bushels of corn  
daily, and the little patches heretofore will not  
hold out long at that rate.

"Major Williams, of the Georgia regiment,  
is acting Governor of the town, and affairs go  
on quite smoothly."

From the Diary of the same writer we copy  
the more detailed account of the loss of Capt.  
May's rearguard, and two or three other inter-  
esting items:

"January 1st 1847.—Between 7 and 8 o'clock  
P. M. Capt. May got in with his dragoons.—  
He reports the loss of eleven men and their hor-  
ses, and seven pack mules. As far as I can  
gather the particulars, and they come from Cap-  
tain May, they are these:

"Between Monte Morales and Linares Capt.  
May ascertained that there was a pass in the  
gorge of the mountains, and determined to as-  
certain the nature of it. His command consisted  
of two companies of dragoons—some seventy  
or eighty men. On approaching the foot of the  
mountain every precaution was used to guard  
against surprise. A lieutenant with twelve men  
acted as the rearguard and guard of the pack  
mules of the command, who remained some few  
hundred yards in the rear, and in this way pro-  
ceeded slowly and carefully, until they found  
out the pass, which was so narrow that it  
was with much difficulty a single horse could  
go through it. But May was determined to  
traverse it, and make what discoveries he could  
on the other side. Dismounting himself and  
men, he led his horse and the way, and after  
experiencing much difficulty in getting from  
rock to rock, the command ultimately succeed-  
ed in getting through. On the right hand side of  
this pass there is a perpendicular cliff of some  
six hundred feet. On the left hand, after ten  
or twelve feet of perpendicular, there was a  
gradual slope to the top, on which an enemy  
could run down, fire a piece, and then return.  
It is represented as being the most dangerous  
pass to a daring enemy that is known, and one  
where a few determined men could stop the ad-  
vance of thousands. After going as far on the  
other side as was thought necessary, they turned  
to come back, and the main body retraced their  
steps with the same caution observed in  
effecting the first passage. But the rearguard  
were not so lucky in getting through this time;  
for it appears after the Lieutenant and Sergeant  
got through a large body of men, who stationed  
themselves on the perpendicular side, showered  
down stones from the top so fast and so heavy  
that their advance was completely cut off, and  
that they were either killed, taken prisoners, or  
made their escape to the other side.

"It seems that Capt. May was not taken by  
surprise; he was continually urging vigilance,  
and left his best soldier in the rear to sound the  
alarm in case of accident, as though he antici-  
pated an attack. A rumbling sound in the pass  
caused him to halt for the rear guard, but they  
not coming up when he thought it was time for  
them to reach him, he wheeled and went in the  
direction of the pass again at full speed. He  
shortly met the Lieutenant and a Sergeant,  
and immediately demanded of the former—  
"Where's your men?" The answer of the Lieuten-  
ant was "close at hand," at the same time  
turning his head around as if with the expecta-  
tion of seeing them just behind him. But there  
were none there save the Sergeant, and the  
truth immediately flashed upon the commander  
that something was wrong with them. As  
quick as thought, and as the nature of the path  
would permit, they dashed off for the pass, and  
when they reached it found that a large number  
of stones had been thrown down, and discovered  
traces of blood along the defile. They follow-  
ed up as fast as possible, but it was of no avail;  
they could make no further discoveries, nor learn  
anything of the fate of their companions. So  
they sorrowfully retraced their step and arrived  
here as above noticed.

"If we give the above truly as it was re-  
lated to me, without omission or addition, and  
it is the received and acknowledged account of  
the unfortunate affair. It may seem strange,  
and wanting in detail; but as it involves sev-  
eral delicate points, I do not feel warranted in  
surmising what may have made out a good story.  
Captain May has put the Lieutenant in advance  
of his guard when his post was in the rear of it.  
As to his travelling on without discovering that  
his command was absent, will readily be credit-  
ed by any one who is familiar with travel in a  
chapel country, or in any narrow pass where  
two abreast cannot proceed. In coming thro'  
the pass, the men were necessarily fifteen or  
twenty feet apart; their safety demanded this,  
and, with the noise on the stones made by his  
horse's feet, and those of the Sergeant's horse,  
and this in coming down a declivity, it is not  
strange (at least to me) that he did not miss  
them; and as to his looking back to see them,  
that may have been out of the question, as it is  
natural to suppose that he needed the constant  
use of his eyes to guide his horse over the rug-  
ged path. Military discipline, no doubt, de-  
manded his arrest, but censure should be reserved  
until the whole statement of the mishap is  
made known by some one who witnessed it.

"It is not thought any regular soldiers of the  
Mexican Army had a hand in this business.—  
Rancheros and banditti, actuated more by plunder  
than any thing else, are believed to have cut  
them off, thinking probably that there was  
more of value than what they obtained. In the  
hands of such men the fate of the prisoners is  
doubtful, though they would be perfectly safe  
in falling into the hands of an officer of the  
army.

"January 4th.—About ten o'clock this morn-  
ing we reached Victoria, which, according to  
my account, is 202 miles from Monterey, and  
was performed in the short space of twelve  
days. Taking every thing into consideration  
the march to and from Monte Morales, (on re-  
turn march), the long train of wagons, the pack  
mules, and the Mexican ox-carts, and I do not  
believe better time was ever made by an army.  
I was agreeably disappointed in Victoria—It being  
a larger and prettier town than I looked  
for. The houses generally are not as good as  
they are in Monterey, but those about the prin-  
cipal square are neat and comfortable.

"Gen. Quitman arrived here on the 20th, and  
the Mexican cavalry—about 1,200—all to their  
rear guard, left on the 23rd for Tula, and they  
move off at 2 A. M. on the 26th. It is said  
that Santa Anna sent in orders to his troops to  
fall back whenever an American force should  
come up. After Gen. Q. got into town several  
bodies of Lancers showed themselves on  
different points of the mountains, but they  
were well aware he had no cavalry to pursue  
them or they would have better use for their  
time. By getting together all the horses of  
the officers and their servants a number of men  
mounted to pursue them, but they put off, and  
have not showed themselves since.

"Now that we are all here, what is to be  
done? We cannot go from this point to San  
Luis Potos